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Just a glimpse of one of the many equestrian acts with Sells-Floto Circus in Alma Thursday, August 7.

## A Big Brother for Bobbie

By BERTHA R. McDONALD

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"There is nothing fundamentally wrong with the boy—just a bit delicate, which he will outgrow under favorable conditions. If you will pardon me saying so, his sensible little mother is a point very much in his favor."

"I'm only his sister, Doctor Jamison, but I'm all the mother he has."

"In his favor, just the same, and I hope you're going to use the same good judgment right through to—well—to the time when you have to hand him over to some other boy's sister."

Helen Forsythe flushed under the doctor's kindly words, and arising proffered him a ten-dollar bill in payment of his fee.

"Now, my dear Miss Forsythe," he protested, refusing the bill, "please don't ask me to take that money. To begin with, I haven't done anything for the child yet, and to end with, I'm only an old bachelor who can't spend his income, anyway."

The tears began to flow unbidden down the girl's face, and the good doctor, to cover her embarrassment as well as his own, almost shoved the pair out of the room, saying as he slipped a paper upon which he had been writing into the boy's hand:

"I wish very much that you would bring Bobbie in again—just that I can

But Helen was not satisfied. She still believed he was actuated wholly by pity, and she had resented being pitied all her life. The thought preyed upon her mind until she could bear it no longer, so she decided to leave the neighborhood without letting the doctor know of her whereabouts.

Then one day the astonished little brother with all their belongings was literally torn up by the roots and transplanted to another street. When several days had passed with no visit from his doctor friend, Bobbie began to droop and pine.

"I wonder why he doesn't come, sister?" he said tearfully.

"You must remember, dear heart, that the big doctor man has loads of patients besides us. He's probably too busy to come."

"But the last time he came he said he wished he had a little brother like me, and I told him I'd be his little brother, and he said all right, and most likely he'd never be too busy to see his brother, would he?"

The poor little blouse maker was torn with conflicting emotions. Her brother was all she had in this world, and trying to give him everything he wanted had long been a mania with her; but she could not bring herself to be continually facing Jamison, realizing that it was the man and not the physician for whom her heart beat so wildly.

She plunged deeper into her work, working late into the night again and again doing extra blouses, that Bobbie might not miss the delicacies with which the doctor had kept him supplied. One afternoon while attending to the needs of two customers the world suddenly grew black before her and she fell upon the floor in a swoon.

"Call the doctor—Dr. Floyd Jamison!" commanded one woman of the other.

An hour later, when Bobbie came in from play, Helen was lying on the couch pale but smiling, and his doctor friend was holding her hand.

"Oh, goodly—goodly!" exclaimed the delighted child; "I told sister you wouldn't be too busy to come and see your little brother!"

"Never in this world, old chap! And sister's never going to run away from me again. Are you, Helen?"

"Not if you really think you want me."

"I want you both more than anything else in the world."

"Hip hurrah!" screamed Bobbie. "Then you can be my big brother every day, can't you?"

"That's going to be my life's job from now on," answered the happy doctor.

## MANY METHODS OF RELAXING

All Are Good, but Some Form or Other Is Indispensable to One's Health.

How do you relax? Perhaps you don't. Recipes differ among those who seek to slacken the pace for a restful interlude.

David Belasco, in the midst of directing rehearsals, would seek out some corner of the theater and lie down flat on his back with his arms spread out. That is the Japanese theory of diminishing the spinal tension.

A former vice president of the Pennsylvania railroad used to close his eyes and transfer his thoughts to his feet and his hands, saying: "Right hand, left hand; right foot, left foot" over and over to himself.

A great London editor closes his eyes and spreads out his hands on his desk as though playing a piano.

Major Kitchener, the famous West Point expert, believed in stretching on the tiptoes, full length, till the fingertips tingled.

There are few better forms of exercise than chopping wood, Sam Scoville informs me. Old Man Gladstone made that pastime famous, and in his other favorite avocation, riding the bicycle, he has had many imitators.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

## Flower Language.

In remote Alpine hamlets and villages, especially in the Bernese Oberland, there still exist ancient and pretty customs of proposing marriage by a language of flowers. If a maid accepts a bouquet of edelweiss from a man she at the same time accepts him as her fiancé, the idea being that the man has risked his life to obtain the flower for the woman he loves.

Another method which exists in the canton of Glarus is for the young man to place a flower pot containing a single rose and a note on the window sill of the girl's room when she is absent from home, and wait—perhaps days—for a reply. If the maid takes the rose the young man boldly enters the house to arrange matters with her parents, but if the rose is allowed to fade away the proposal is rejected without a single word having been exchanged between the couple.

## Latin a Living Language.

For anything like a parallel to the romance of Hebrew, after having been so long numbered with the dead tongues, becoming today a living, spoken language, we must turn to Latin, though the analogy is not perfect.

Through all the dreadful days of barbarism in Europe the Roman Catholic church helped to preserve that Latin language from oblivion.

When Greek had all but perished from the knowledge of mankind at large, when even Homer was forgotten, the language of the Caesars rendered international communication possible.—London Chronicle.



Preparing a Dainty Supper.

keep an eye on him, don't you know, and above all follow the directions I've given him—especially the last one."

When they arrived home Helen read the directions, the last one of which admonished: "Take good care of Bobbie's sister."

The next morning's parcel post brought Helen two books, and in the afternoon a messenger left them a big basket of fruit. There was no card in either package, but no written or printed word was necessary to determine the giver. Again tears filled Helen's eyes, but they were happy tears.

Not since her father had died, leaving them almost penniless, had anyone been so kind and thoughtful, and delightful little thrills warmed her heart as the doctor's kindly face visioned before her. Thoughts of his bachelorhood and its possibilities came unbidden into her mind, but she banished them instantly.

"Helen Forsythe!" was her self-inflicted criticism. "What an unmaidenly thought! He's undoubtedly just as nice to old married women!"

But in spite of her resolve to be truly sensible about the doctor's kindness, she found herself looking forward very eagerly to taking Bobbie to see him again.

In a few days he telephoned that he would be in their vicinity about 4:30 and would drop in to see them. The wildest excitement prevailed in the little rooms where Miss Forsythe made fancy blouses. Without knowing exactly why, Helen set about preparing a dainty supper, and when Doctor Jamison arrived about five o'clock the air was filled with the delicious odor of freshly made coffee.

"What a cheerful little home!" exclaimed the doctor. "And how good that coffee smells!"

"Will you stay and have a bite of something with us?"

"Aw, please do!" pleaded Bobbie, and Floyd Jamison stayed.

After supper he read to the boy and played games with him and, when he left, announced that as he had a chronic invalid in the neighborhood, whom he was obliged to visit every few days, he would look in on Bobbie at the same time.

The day that Helen Forsythe came to a realization that she was looking forward to these visits—not for Bobbie's sake, but for her own—she resolved to save her conscience by insisting on paying for them. The note asking for Doctor Jamison's bill brought a very decided reproof by return mail.

"My dear little girl," he wrote, "if you could only realize how it cheers my loneliness to do these small things occasionally for you and Bobbie you wouldn't hurt me by asking for a bill."

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The Lansing State Journal, during the past two years has enjoyed a splendid subscription list in Alma. We are led to believe that the people have appreciated not only the local, but the telegraphic news that has been produced in our Alma edition.

The State Journal by carrier boy in Lansing, is 12 cents a week. In cities other than Lansing, 10 cents a week. By mail \$4.00 a year in advance; \$2.25 for six months.

Without permission from the home office the price of the paper was raised to 12 cents a week.

The State Journal does not want to charge any more in Alma than in the adjoining towns. Therefore, on Monday, July 28th, the paper will be reduced to 10 cents per week for delivery; 3 cents for single copies. We ask, that inasmuch as every carrier boy has to pay one cent a copy at the end of each week for his papers, his subscribers pay him promptly each Saturday he calls, 10 cents a week. This will encourage the boy to give better delivery.

Hereafter, the State Journal office will be conducted at a new location, which will be announced later, and the closest attention will be given to all matters pertaining to the local situation.

Also, The State Journal will endeavor at all times to give the Alma readers even better and more news than heretofore.

Most sincerely,

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